



HE IS A SOLDIER

Narrative Prose Poems

ANWER GHANI

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PREFACE

"He is a soldier" is a collection of narrative prose poems by Iraqi prose poetry writer Anwer Ghani .

In literature, there is poetry and prose, and in the middle prose - poetry. According to the characters of the superficial and deep structures of the text, each text or writing has a superficial structure and it is the first building and level of understanding in the process of hearing or reading, and a deep structure which is the analytical level and symbolism in this writing system. While poetry is characterized by deep rhythmic and fragmented superficial structures, prose, on the contrary, is distinguished by its superficial and deep non-rhythmic structure. But in prose poetry, we find the non-rhythmic, non-fragmented surface structure and the deep rhythmic, fragmented structure, which is the reason for the crossbreeding of prose poetry. So, prose poetry is a mixture of prose, poetry, rhythm and non-rhythm.

Prose poetry can be produced in a narrative or lyric manner. If the pattern is lyrical in both superficial and deep layers, then there will be lyrical prose poetry, while if the pattern is narrative in both superficial and deep layers; there will be narrative prose poetry. But we can find a superficial narrative structure with a deep singing, lyrical structure. In this case, narratolyricism, there will be a hybrid of lyrical prose poetry, and this is the second hybrid within the first hybrid of the lyrical poetry. So narrative prose poetry is a hybrid within a hybrid.

The narrative prose poem is a narrative poetic text written in one block, in a horizontal form and based on the narrative writing and deep poetic revelation, which is one of the works of the “Arab Renewal Group” which was founded in Baghdad in 2015.

Anwer Ghani

2020

NARRATIVE PROSE POEMS

I WILL TELL THIS STORY TO MY CHILDREN

As I told you, I am an Iraqi man, my father told me that there is a large tent under its roof, there is a free man wearing smiles for foreigners. He told me that he embraced the stranger because he was a stranger one day. Look at my bag, I put my dreams in it, some flowers, my father's stories and some Mutanaibi's poems but as you see, I am banned. I love Simic poems so much, and I hope to visit poetry institutes in New York, but I am banned, so I am sad, and I will tell this story to my children. You might think that I am an imaginary storyteller, but believe me, I am a man who loves the birds and coffee, but I am from the Middle East and this is my crime.



THE GRANDFATHER ETERNAL STORY

I am a sunny man, I don't know mystery, and I don't need to sit on the hill to be a flag. Very simply, I like that I can count my fingers, and I like that I am very forgotten and that I am very invisible, like the stories of my grandfather. If you know how much we have hidden in the secrets of our land, and how many strange lines amber streaks on my cheeks. Just if you knew, then all those strange stories would reach your heart before dawn and before any sleepy kiss. We are warm farmers rocking like Autumn leaves falling over the dewy grass with love. Yes, we are forgotten farmers who love to drown in the cracks of this earth as our grandfather eternal story.



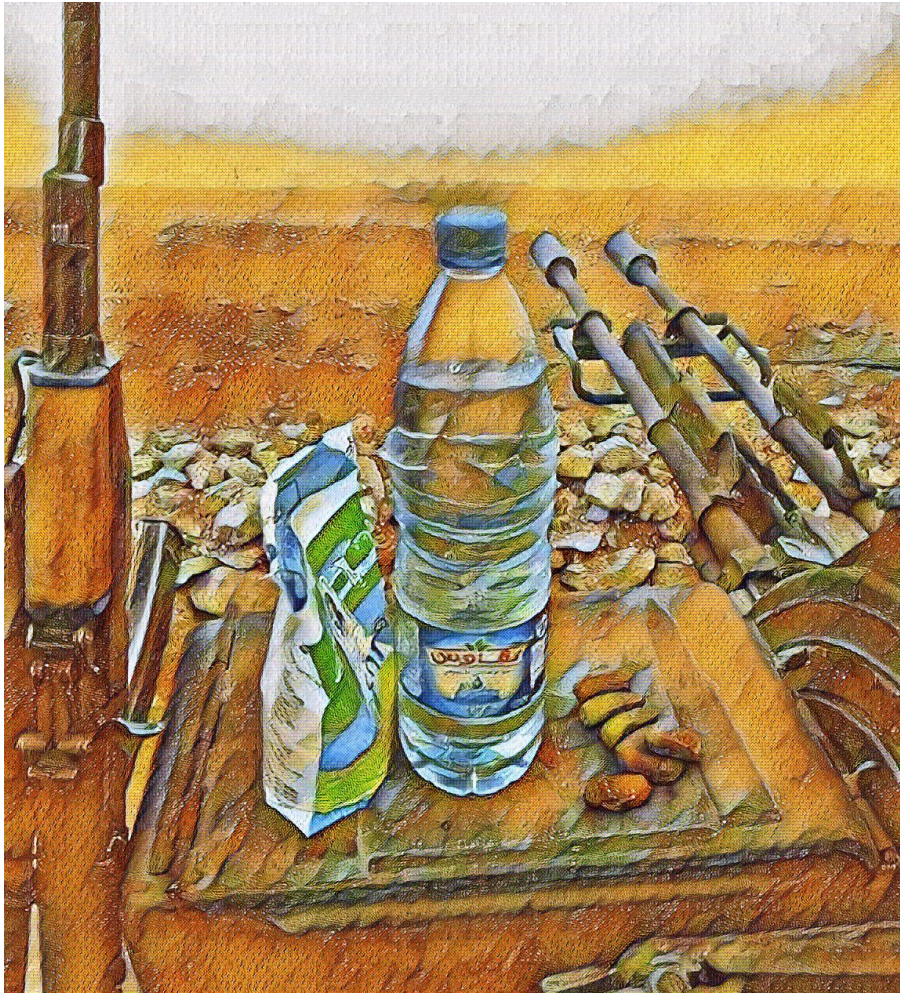
I HOPE TO DIE AS A SOLDIER

I searched long everywhere in my short fingers; I searched in my gray color, and also searched in my hidden veins, but I did not find a picture of a soldier. Perhaps I am tainted with some blindness. I have to find my purity to see the picture of that soldier I know who yearns for free death. I am really sorry now, because I was not able to be a soldier, and to die free, because I know that life has a smile that can only be seen through this death. I stand here, every day like a faraway bird; I stand ashamed to listen to that voice; the voice of my heart. Yes, I am standing here waiting for the return of my pure soul; every day, may I die as a soldier. I stand here, with bitter silence, bitter longing, and bitter waiting, I hope to die as a soldier.



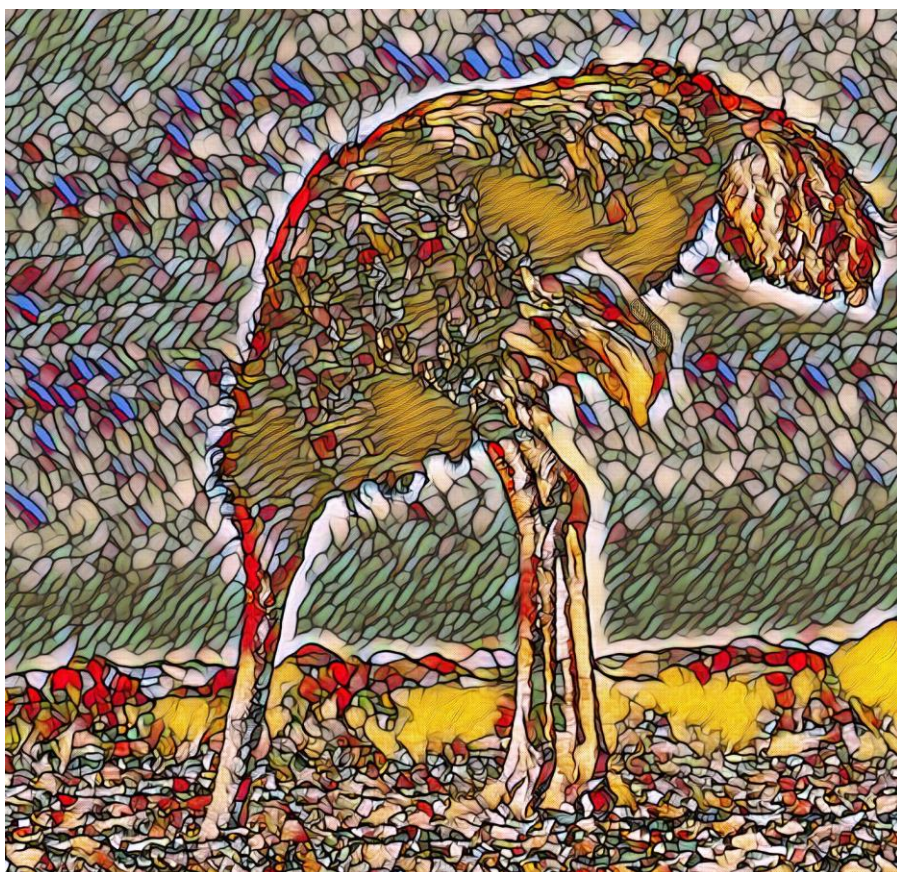
THE DATES ON YOU AND THE VICTORY ON US

On the battlefield, a strange love that hugs the city dreams.
There, an eye that looks at the children playing in the stream.
On the battlefield, a heart holds the chants of the universe
and dates descended before sunset for a fasting man his hand
on a gun. It is his melted heart in love with this earth. It is
his dates that go from the childhood years to distant mouths.
It is his golden hand embraces bitter water. It is his eye that
imagines beauty in an ugly face. On the battlefield, there is
a fasting man defends the yellow fields. It is a bird that flies
without borders, a bird that does not land on hatred twigs like
fainthearts. In the morning, he opens his eyes to a new
tomorrow, a new Iraq, and just before sunset, angels descend
to him saying: the dates on you and the victory on us.



A SHY OSTRICH

When your closeness read me as a shabby book, you give me a true life; the only hope. Your words are a joyful feast and a wide door that opens only with love. I almost faded as a shy ostrich. Look at my feathers It is so light, just like my heart, and look at my face, it is just a hidden history. I see the traces of your love on the face of time; it is overflowing with travelers. In your vessels the moon descends every evening, plays with the children until their eyes fall asleep. Yes, I am as far away as the stones; no water, no flowers, but your words like holidays wear me new clothes.



A CRESCENT

Here, I am falling silently with complete strangeness. My words lie in the wind shrouds, and the features of my face are deferred. I don't have to see the moon like lovers, because I'm still hearing news about the people whose dreams melted in the smiling cities. From here, I learned how to sail a crescent announcing the beginning of the new month. Now, I feel more mature, I walk over the dark like dew. I do not leave a window to the sun and my language slams the face of the earth. All this on the pretext that I am a beauty lover, and a great scholar.



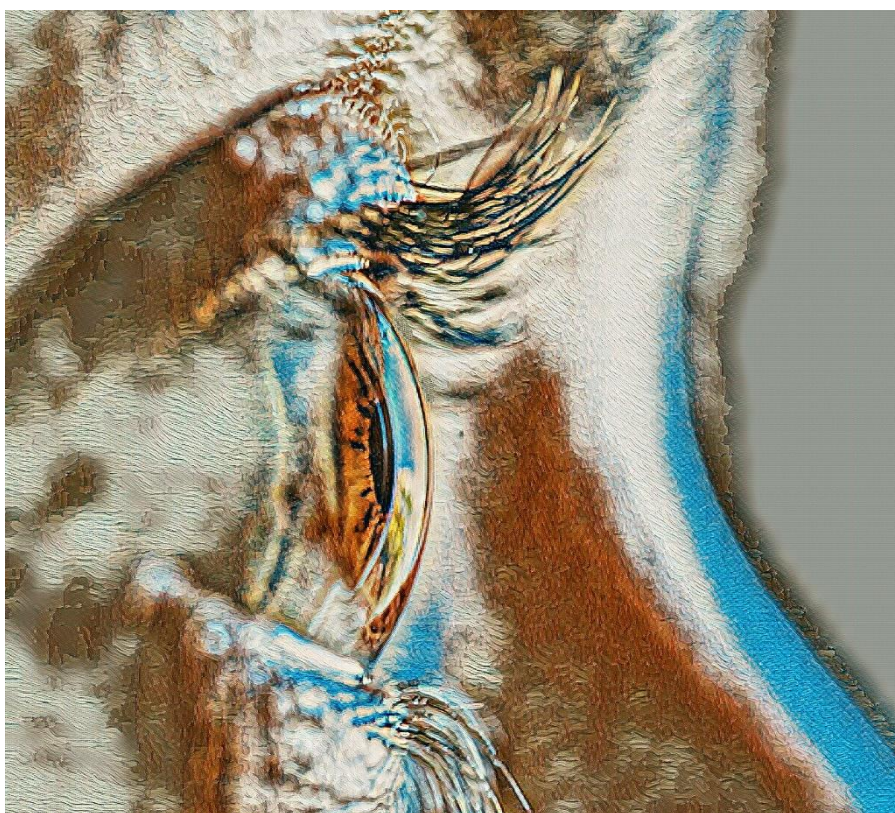
THE CRAZY CORONA

Your message is scary, and I can't stand all this longing. I am learning the song; my eyes will never fall again and my hands will not be noisy. This is a pledge and a celebration. I will go to the far market in search of my start. And as an old lover, I will repeat every absent dream that fades before evening on the foliage. I will tell my story for many generations, and Like a bitter rain, I will slowly fade, and I will stand wet in the middle of the road hoping for you. And loudly I will sing my sorrow; that the crazy Corona told me everything and taught me the game of silent life. I am learning because I am a good student sitting behind a tightly closed door without sharp eyes and without hard heart.



LET YOUR GREEN EYES SEE MY BITTER PAIN

I am not alone here; your green eyes make my dream and distribute them as bouquets of roses to passers-by on a foggy winter's day. Here, I am waiting for you; wait for your eyes. Let your green eyes see my bitter pain. I am the harvesting of this land so it has no non-tearful concern. Let your green eyes see my big pain, the broad pain, let it do it once. Your green eyes will not be ruined or damaged if you look at my pain, if you declare one day that it will see this strange destruction. I am not alone here, I am not alone at all, because your eyes are always making my dreams and always drawing my fear with passion.



THE SOUTHERN BEAUTY

Have you seen the starry sky? Have you seen the ocean full of colorful fish? Have you seen a dreamy perfume with a floral scent? It is a southern beauty. Do you know strange kindness, strange softness, strange tenderness? Do you know exciting whisper, exciting warmth and exciting touch? It is a southern soul. In this stunning strange world, I can find a place, but the gray winds try to hang my life on a hidden bridge, then it appears on screens to say that I don't know love.



THE DOORS OF ABRAHAM

When he looked at the sun he saw, and when he met the moon by chance, he caught the truth. He got into the cold flame with a knowledgeable heart. Amazed the angels, so he deserved to be a lover of God. He built the old house on light bases, so crowds came from every deep hole. Yes, Abraham was a nation on his own, teacher and Imam. With his hands shattered the dream of Satan. From there, from that moment on, the evil heart fell ill and the illusion wore an ugly garment, and the falsehood became a stranger that no one approached. Abraham opened a door to truth that the veil of darkness does not hide, he opened a door of love that does not weaken by the flames of hatred, and he opens a door to good that is not closed by evil.



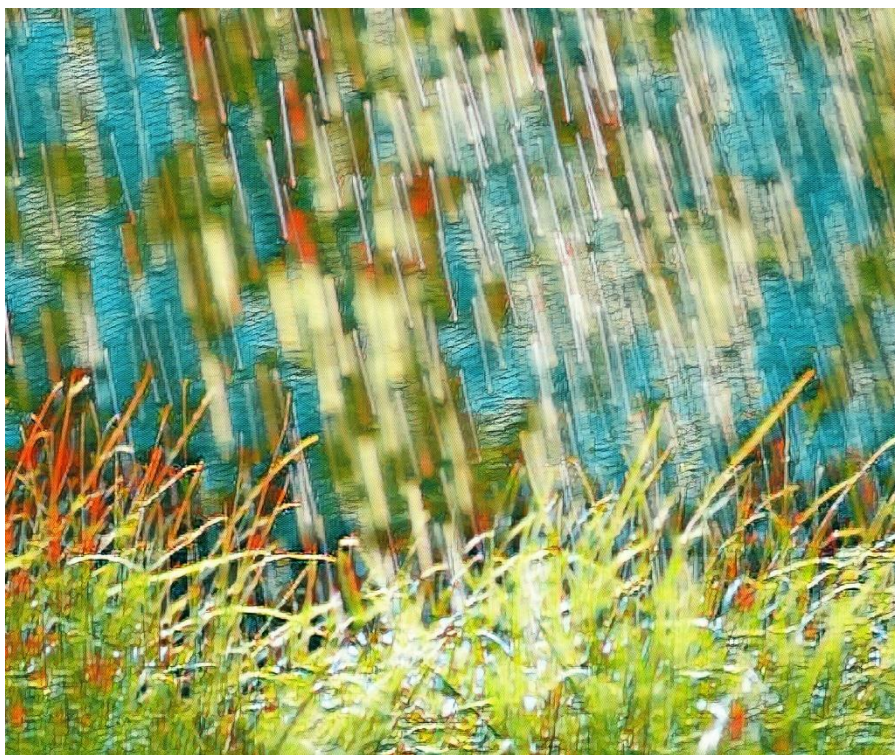
A FARMER FROM THE SOUTH

I am a farmer from the south bring nothing in my pocket but orange. Look at my face, it is brown and look at my hands, it is white. I am from here; from the south, where the river knows nothing but love and the sky tells its stories in a loud voice. Here is a farmer from the south, an oriental man with a dreamy spirit, and my axe smashed the bitter rock head and built the great Uruk. Yes, I am a dreamer from the south, a bird and a poem. My heart holds only legendary love, and my mouth is always smiling as a colorful butterfly.



APRIL IS THE RAINY MONTH

Thanks for the rain, it taught me the revolution in the dryland's branches. Its warm words before dice are a story that moves towards dreamy generations. Rain is neither sweet nor brown eyes, but dangerous and it explodes in rocks, creating the new world. I am not raining, but April is the rainy month that fills the earth with the new age as the delight opens its eyelids. Here an eye, a voice and a heart, I am not alone, I am not alone, the world is waiting, waiting for April and rain. Yes, rain comes in the afternoon of April loaded with nectar, yes in April we meet without tears.



HE IS A SOLDIER

He is a soldier; Although you are a cruel eye and a bitter mouth, he shines how he pleases and he appears how he pleases, because he is always free and not a slave like pots of betrayal. His brown color that you see is make kids smiles, but your always-changing color is miserable pallor and a shame plant. He is a soldier; the hands carry his soul above the heads, because he dies as a white bird without false word, but your cold and dark corners are endless. He is a soldier, a river of sincerity, and his image remains in the cracks of the earth with the roots of the wheat spikes but you are only remnants of absences and false eyes.



HASHDAWI

I have confused in you, and in your white heart and your brown chest. But I knew from the beginning of the creation that your love is faith and your hatred is hypocrisy. I was confused in you and confused of which clay are you? While this river from your hands water the enemy and the friend.

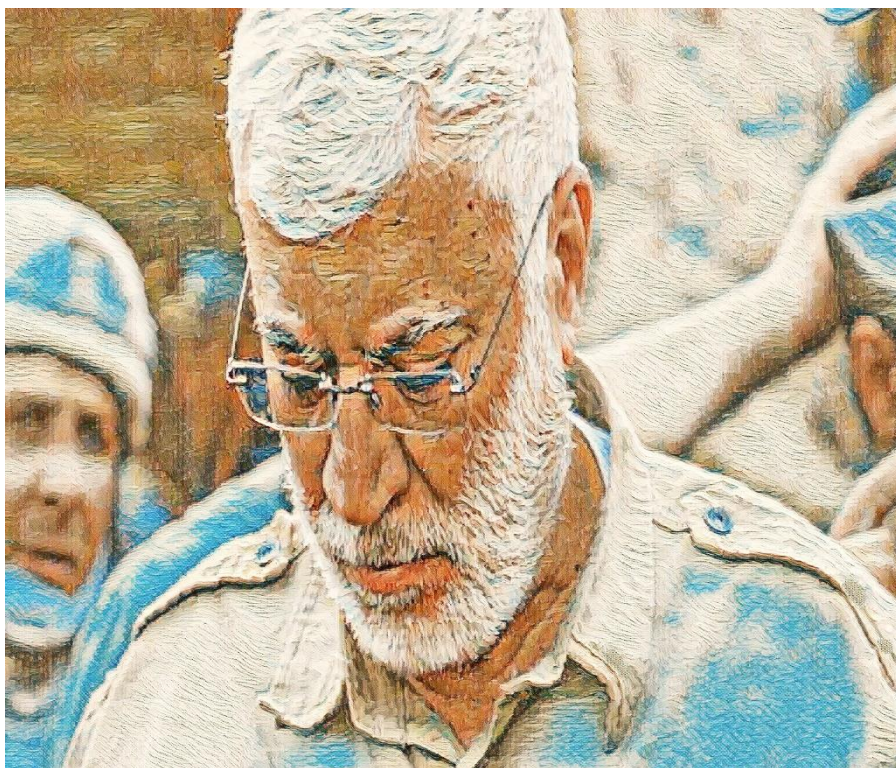
Hashdawi you, and your perfume is irresistible, your color is irresistible, and your love is irresistible. Brown you are, and very bright; you do not know a gray face, and your mouth does not know a pale word. From the Euphrates you learned love, and from Hussein you learned how to be a timeless message, so you made from the south a door of truth and a sail of light .

Hashdawi you are brown, and had it not been for the sun being yellow, it would have chosen your honorable color, your honorable face, and your honorable story. Were it not that I knew I was a traveler from snow, I would have said that you are an indescribable secret, because you are simply Hashdawi, unbeatable.



MARTYRDOM IS VICTORY

I began to drown in love with you without hesitate or postponed phrases. Your catchy glances are always beautiful and your smooth hand removes every acrid cloud. O Euphrates, your high palms are always bright and give your sons, the Iraqis, wide hands and precious hearts. As always, you teach me that martyrdom is a life and that the genuine soldier is nothing but victory, either winning lough or martyrdom smile. Basra on your banks is gifting the earth with the magnificent proverbs and heroes. And as always, you teach the world, every day, that martyrdom is a victory.



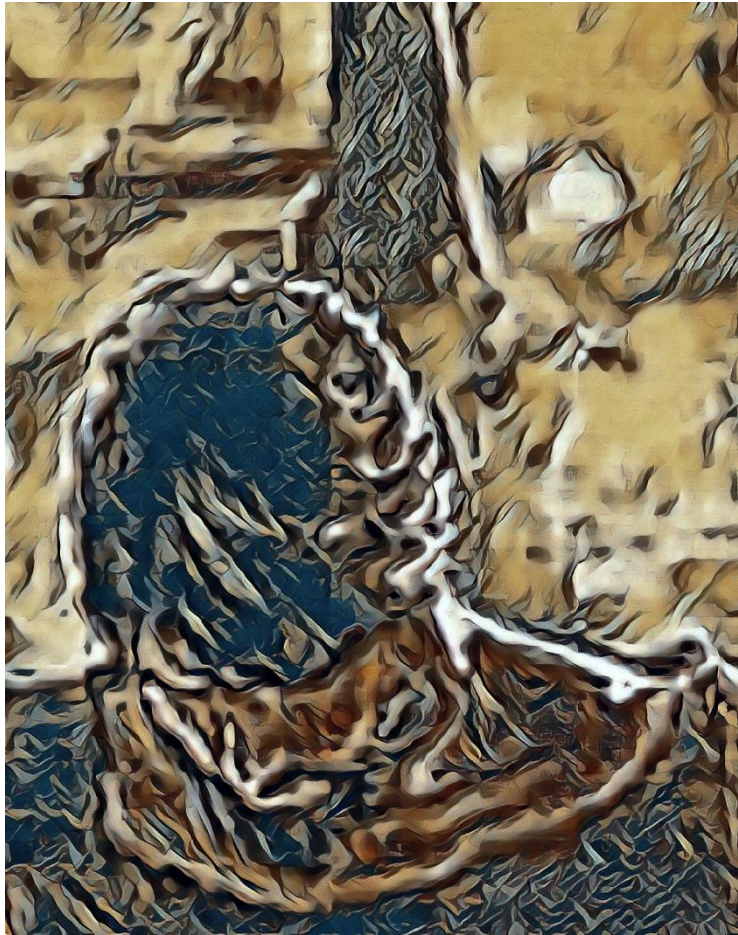
I DON'T WANT YOU TO THANK ME

Whenever I want to smile, I remember the ruin in the south, and I cry. I do not want from you a hand shaking my hands, nor a chest that embraces me. I just want you to let the south smile. And let our boys fly like bright lights, and let our girls' eyes shine like a dew in the morning. I never want you to thank me for all this difficult sincerity, and all this light from my eyes in the face of the dark wind. I do not want you to thank me for my legendary standing in the middle of the day, nothing but to tell my predecessors that I have fulfilled the covenant. I don't want you to thank me, I just want you to forget all your words in the dark and every dagger prepared before evening.



I WRITE TO YOU WITH SADNESS

I am just a sad rock on the road, but when I remember your voice, I feel the strange green and dewy touch of my skin, so I smile. I am alone, like this bitter time, and I am only good at sadness. I write to you with sadness because I am from the sad land. The roads here are sad, the stories are sad, the hearts are sad, even the smiles are sad. We are here when we write, we write with sadness, when we read, we read with sadness, when we love we love with sadness, and when we laugh, we laugh with sadness. They stole our door and stole our windows, so the sadness entered our homes with air. We have become fish that breathe sadness, and when we are born, we are born with sadness because we know that behind our stolen doors and behind our stolen windows, nothing awaits us but sadness.



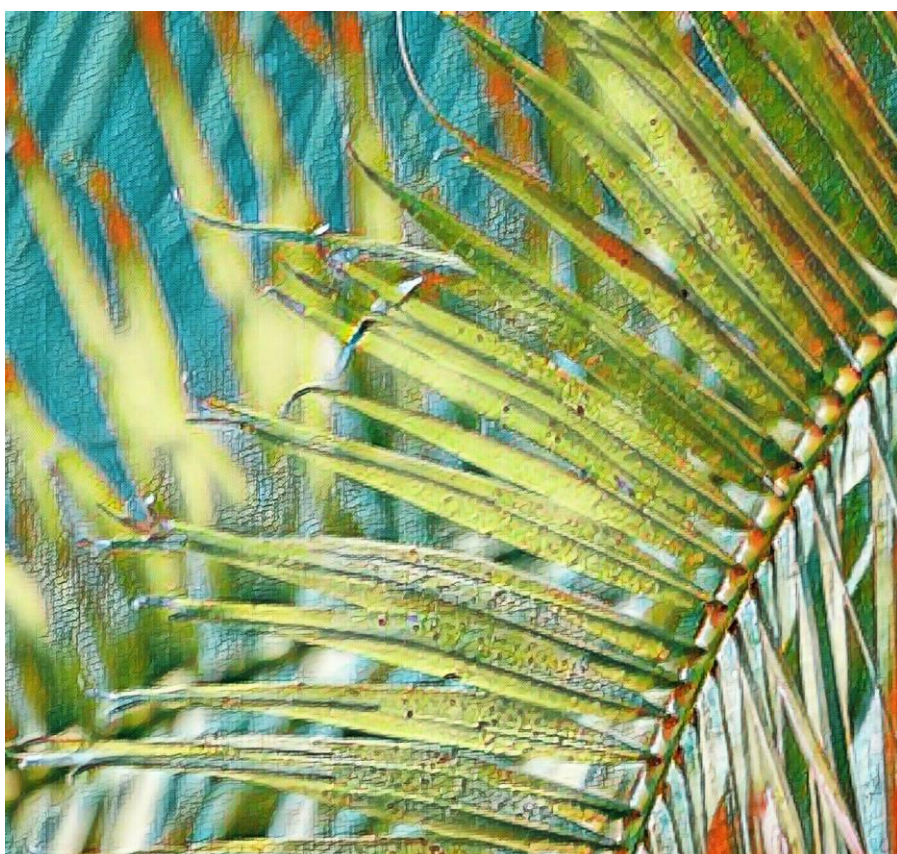
NESTS OF MIRAGE

Dew wanders the streets like the sellers who told the children every happy story; every evening penetrates my veins and makes my memory birds repeat an old hymn. My language is a cold holiday night. Without shame, I settled in the heart of the sun and fell yellow leaf effortlessly. Thus, I see a mirage carrying candy in his pocket and promises. I will dive into the depths of the earth; I hope explorers will find me. I was silent, may you hear the clutter of my voice. This is how I learn to write the new history, because I only know the water when the blood of my veins dries up. It puts love in its pocket as a pear the birds have built nests of a mirage in its bones.



THE LAST THING

I am the last thing I was looking for. Here, I learned to turn without limits. I am a city and a lighthouse without tears. The fields contain a thousand songs the peasants know nothing about, and the butterflies have kisses that have tempted the hearts of lovers. But I am a rock, sitting in the middle of the hill for nothing but an assault on nature. My yellow dress is very pale, and my heart does not know love. I am not a great knight, I'm just a forgotten tale. Hurray hurray, the miserable words.



NEW YORK CLOSE YOUR DOORS

How do you sleep now, O city do not sleep? These rubble and ghosts came in a basket that did not know to smile. Oh, the sleeping city, how did the death happen? Warm death is having hands in your garden; a very blind death, New York. How can your happy heart endure all sorrow and fear? When the birds go, and when your feet move to distant islands, something hidden and strange comes to your door; something very strange. New York, stay home between your walls so you can see your face in the mirror. New York, close your doors until the smile calmly returns to your heart.



NEW YORK, SMILE

New York birds have always been singing so they appear constantly in my dreams. In its gardens, I can see the smiling flowers who lived life deeply; their arms open all the time with love, with great love for comers. I did not visit New York nor smell its flowers, but I know everything about it, my heart told me about its intimate secrets. You cannot imagine its big heart. Yes, you cannot, but you know. I am a strange man coming from a forgotten land. From the south, so I always try to prove that my passport is clean because there are yellow winds stealing its smiles so it becomes grouchy. A smile means a lot, and love means a lot, so I will really go crazy when I see New York without a hug or a smile.



NEW YORK DREAMER

I have told New York's bustling streets, and its blossom flowers, that I have a dream, a loud dream, that I love without limits, without boredom, and tiredness. You, like me, are also a farmer from the south, and like me you dream of loud love, yes, the loud love has another taste and has another color. When you close your eyes, you fly, because you are free and because you are a dreamer, and because you love without limits. I will talk to you about all bright dreams, bright tales, and bright eyes. Yes, I will talk to you tirelessly, and without getting bored, because I am a New Yorker dreamer.



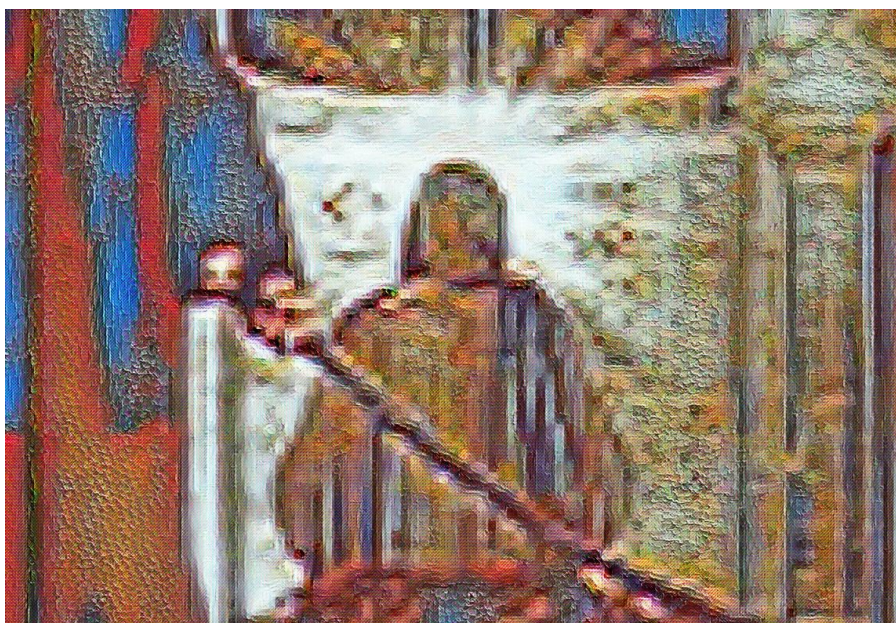
SOUL TRANSPLANTATION

I am a son of a farmer, not a son of a queen. What will happen if we exchange our destiny? But frankly, I cannot imagine myself being a son of a queen, nor can I imagine you as a farm son. So, I will rely on another way to achieve our transformation. I will go to a spiritualist friend and ask him to perform a soul transplant; by giving my body your soul, and giving your body my soul. I think after that, we'll all understand the true story.



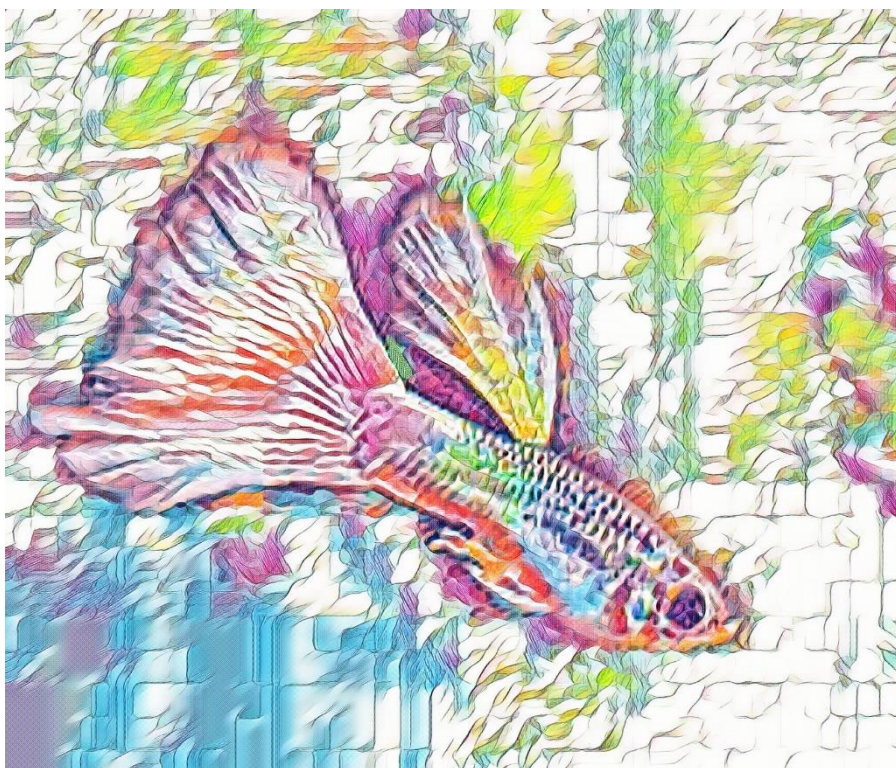
THE PRINCE OF ETERNAL TRUTH

He is the prince of light, but the black leaves hate themselves and fade with pleasure in the dark night. More love from him but more hate from them. More mercy from sincerity but more coarseness from darkness. More truth from this love but more lies from these leaves. On a dark night, with dark hearts and dark hands, they tried to kill; kill the moon and kill the vision but love never dies nor end. Yes, Ebnū Abitalib, the prince of eternal truth, and their black attempts are nothing but wounds on the body. Love and light live without end in minds, hearts, and words.



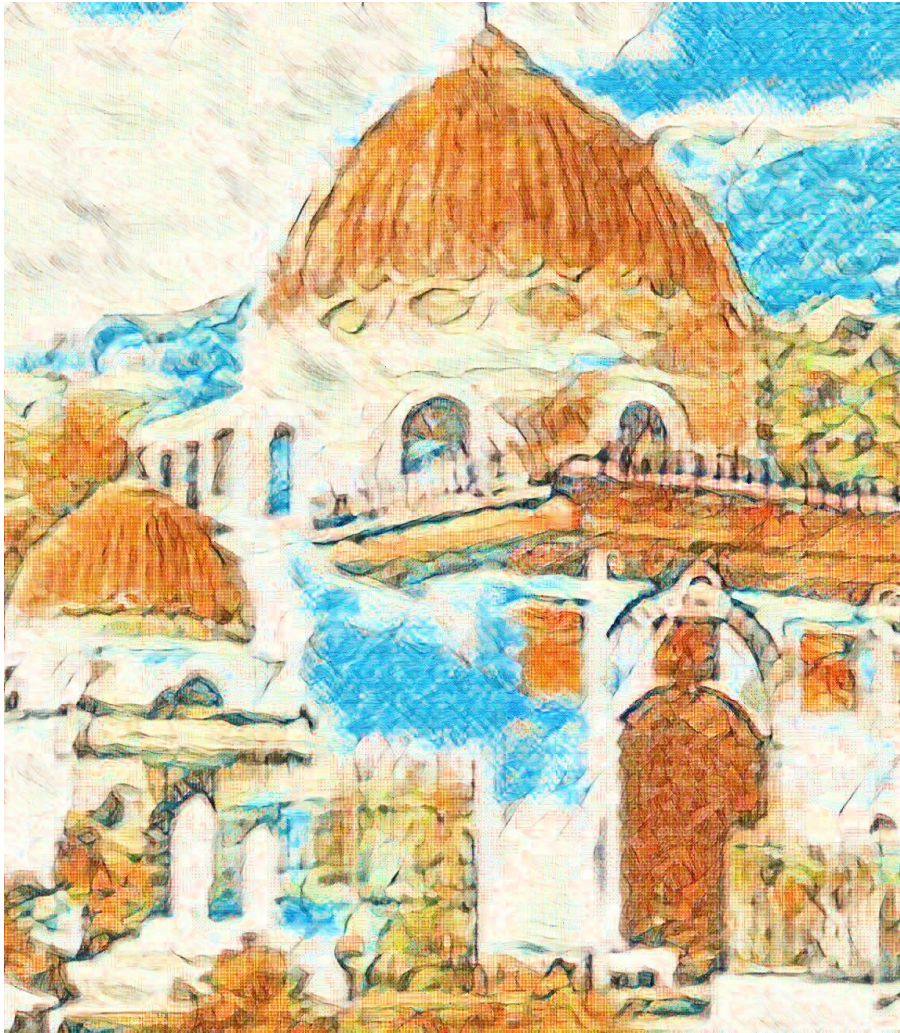
ZEPHYR

Iraqis have fish spirits, so they cannot live without the amber hammock or palm tree perfume. In fact, I did not eat much of fish in my childhood so I am not good at floating as a turtle. Zephyr is the Iraqi name of the potent fish smell, but I think this may come from the beautiful color of Guppy as a dreamy palette is a transformed soul. I think Guppy is a real attractive zephyred sapphire, but you can see the dark shade that turns it into gray.



WHEN I VISIT YOUR GRAVE, I LIVE AGAIN

When I visit your grave, I remember your strange sympathy, strange love and strange tenderness. When I visit your grave, I tell this gray time that you are still a flame in my heart, calling for a green world that does not wither. I know this is not your last place, and I also know that you are in a house of reeds, pearls and gold. I know you now look at me with a look of love that no one can look at. So is your grave; a new life and an untiring wait story. I am grateful that I still smell your bestowal. I am grateful that I still see your patience. Oh, the great Tahira, I am grateful that I still visit your grave. Yes, I still have your grave; an illuminating whisper, a soft touch and unending embrace. When I visit your grave, I cry again, dream again and tell you again. When I visit your grave, I live again.



The Migratory Feast

The feast is a very delicate thing, we learned it as we learned to carry our bags. It is soft like the skin of a summer dream that makes spring butterflies from us. How happy I was when I saw its warm eyes. Its waterfalls dazzled me as calm as a girl playing in a garden of white flowers. That migratory feast that we went through one day, and we were touched by its sleepy palm, I see it clearly as it is planting its field with rainy tales. That feast coming from distant cities, I saw it with its silky coat swaying in the middle of the street, saluting the florist. It drops in our veins as a message of love, and it flies us to islands of snow as a migratory goose.



THE FESTIVITY OF THE GREAT WATERMELON

Summer is not beautiful in Iraq; it is old and it is standing on a long failure. The summer here, like me, loves watermelon, but it is a bitter love. The watermelon here is something hidden and wondrous, full of secrets and magic, and our ancestors often tell us about it strangely, until I thought that the watermelon is a mythical being. When I return from my long absence, I will go to one of the doors of my grandfather's small orchard, and I will paint a small watermelon on it and I will celebrate. I will invite all the birds of the earth to seed the grain of watermelon in the fields of the Iraqis in order to make a big celebration; it is the festivity of the great Watermelon.



THE SOLDIERS HAVE RETURNED

The soldiers have returned, their joints moaning like snow;
In their helmets, strange dreams of girls. The songs take their
lives. Smile, wars, the cold hands, he is a soldier who was
killed by your cruel gray soul. O dark winds, cold eyes, wait,
wait, this is my heart still faltering between the slopes, his
feet from a song, and his love is the remnants of a coppery
voice that does not find a way back. The soldiers have
returned, and I am still shaded with a hand tied, as if I am a
strange mirage, as if I am a strange illusion, as if I am a
strange love. The soldiers returned, but the city was still pale,
the streets were red, and my beloved was still crying.



THE EYES OF CORONA

I will stay alone here, behind the windows and behind the curtain. Yes, I will stay alone without you because I finally knew how pain is? And how love is? I finally knew how fatal it is the moment of the last separation? This is not my eyes that cry, but my heart, and these tears are the story of longing and fear. No, I don't cry, I just say goodbye to you. This is not my tears, and these are not my eyes, but the eyes of Corona. It's a great Corona; kills me slowly and robs my soul coldly. It reminds me of the cold hands; the very cold that stole my fields and our young people who fell on the sidewalk like the rest of the dream. No, I don't cry; I just say goodbye to my smiling spirit.



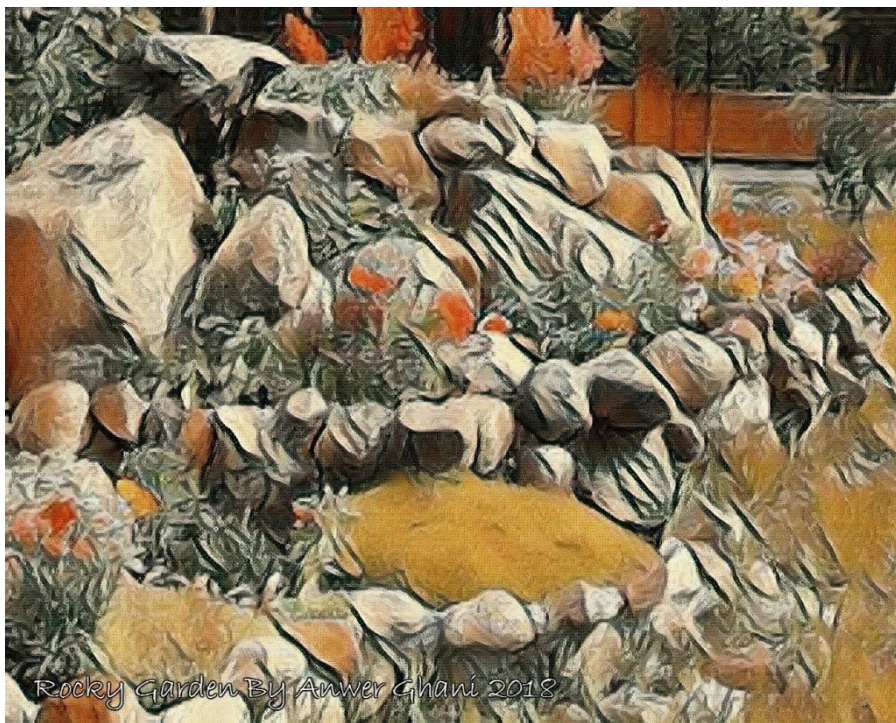
THE TRANSPARENT BOY

I go out, as usual, to my grandfather's garden as a wet story, but now I am very thin like an onion peel, so that I can see that sleeping fish at the bottom of a strange ocean, I have become transparent that no one can see me, even me and this is strange but warm. The warmth is a pleasant thing. This morning it reminds me of my joints singing for a bird I can almost see his transparent spirit clearly. It is like a wind that I learned its voice recently. It is a magical thing and all I can tell you is that it is shining and bright shining like a narcissus flower just came out from a sleepy lake. Yes, the lake is not like me, it is spoiled not to wake up early, but I feel it strongly. Its water is pungent like an old mirror that does not lie.



THE POOR ROCKS

No one wants them even trees, and nobody listens to them, even flowers. Those, I mean, those hearts are really poor rocks. They built a prison for their souls and for us. Oh, poor prisoners. Years and years, they spent in a hurry and continuously to assassinate their freedom. If they could see. They have completely destroyed the face of our freedom. Their stories of happiness no longer fool us. What is in their pockets? You will only find fake freedom and fake happiness. For those I mean, those who drowned in their experimentation, we all know that they are in a fake world of lies and allegations.



THE BIG PRISON

My skin knows no light and I can see cold bars and prisons for our walls. Here, in this cold world, you cannot see my coffee-filled trees; my coffee and my words, but when we go back to our depths, we will find the bright fragrance. I remember my sorrows because they filled me with warmth in this cold world. I remember the face of the lake and the geese, and I remember all that to kill this foreignness and this coolness in this big prison. I am not a prisoner in the rubble; I am just a free bird with a wet heart capable of love in this lonely life .



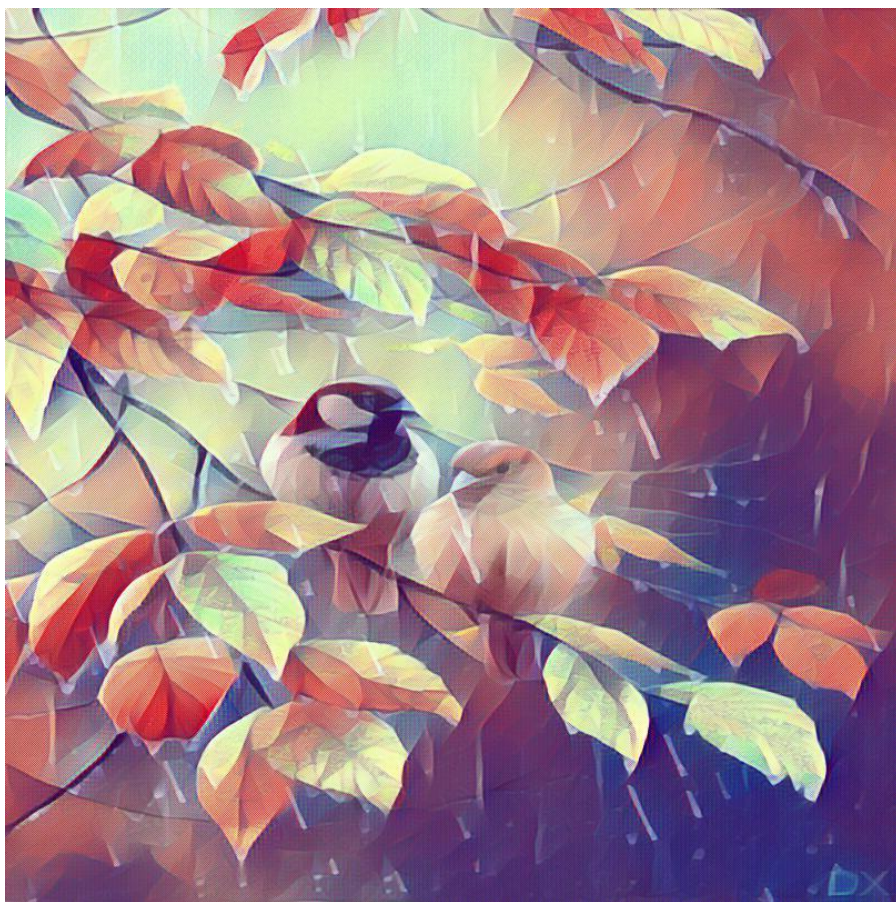
THE COPPERY WALLS OF URUK

The horizon is not pink, it looks like a mom's shawl; black, dark and sad. Look at my cheap blood in the wheel; it is running without tears. I am not a tree, nor a grain of wheat, but I am a bitter word and a very pale face. look at the Euphrates; the sad Euphrates; the beloved Euphrates, that it overflows; it always overflows with heavenly hope but no loyalty and no love. Yes, I am now without a sail, and without eyes, but I will return, a flying bird, bitter like the wind and a burning heart like a nomadic man seeking revenge. Yes, I will return with lightning; very severe, and very bitter, and very bright like the coppery walls of Uruk.



A LOVE POEM

I will write strongly about love, because I am an acronym for love that only new sailors know. They are looking for me, but how will they see me and melt in my longing? Since I faded away in the River of Nostalgia, all I find is that every day I drop in a strange valley that knows nothing of pink stories. My letters are not read, and my years cannot be imagined, it is just a memory of lighting, everything looks like a lost wheel, and I am that strange tree standing there and looking forward to the road until you come in the form of a cloud. I smile at the warm of longing, I smile because I am waiting for you, I smile because I love you.



THE INVADERS

He says, "There is no Iraq and there are no Iraqis; there are only oil, and we are going to take it." Now I began to understand why my blood is cheap running without tears in the streets. Now I understand why my kids have no books and no grade, and why girls here do not see the light and do not know the flowers. Now I began to understand why I am forbidden to enter New York and why he claimed my terrorist. Now I began to understand that I am not a reason for the ugliness of this world, but there is an ugly heart and an ugly mind that made this world ugly. For now, I know that the dirty feet of our rural children are much cleaner than the hearts and minds of the invaders.



A COLD MESSAGE

The word has a thousand wings full of fear. How can I see? Love of the Earth is not enough; complete freedom is required. Yes, when it comes time for the paving to shake, to walk barefoot, I will collect my breath like a bouquet of flowers smiling for the near future. Here, the word freezes, you need another poetry, a body that trembles. My words are cool message, thorns permeate me; I multiply in the fields of language as a harsh tent, I am still powerless; the language is looking for new sailors. No, the sun is not enough to symbolize freedom and the distances persecute me; I am still stuck to the ground. My words feel cold and my limbs are freezing like trains inhabited by snow travelers.



A TEAR ON THE ROAD

I am not very good at telling stories; I mean the beginnings and whatever you wish. I am never good to be a love or a butterfly, I am just a tear on the road. When the sun hears my chants, it will stain the streets with yellow tears, and when I love you violently, I will fade away like the summer nights. It's me, with all the power, with all the violence, but don't expect that I'm going to tell stories because I'm just a whisper and a tear on the road.



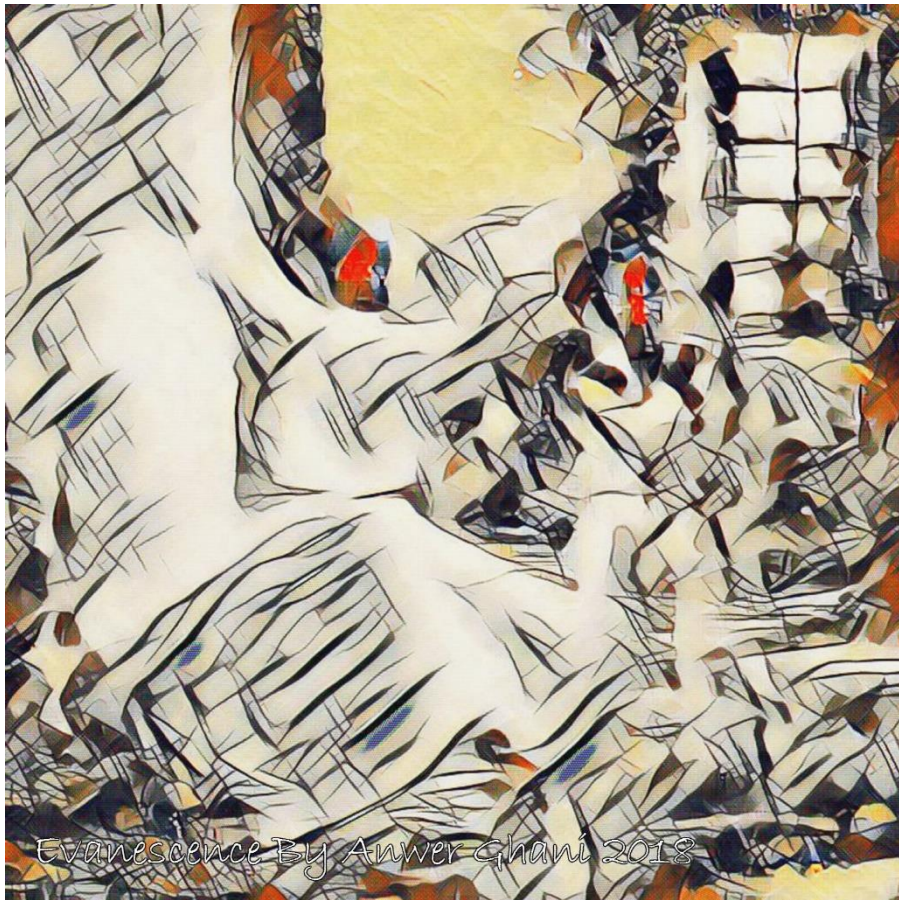
I MEAN VERY RED

I admit that I can't get my heart out of the hands of the warrior woman, because my soul is red. I am the heir of redness on this planet. I am a red shade; I mean very red. When the sun rises in my country, it rises with a red rise, when the bird sings on his branch, it sings a red song, and when I kiss my love, I kiss her with a red kiss. The river here is red, the field is red and the street is red; I mean very red. Everything here is red, because it is irrigated with my blood without sin.



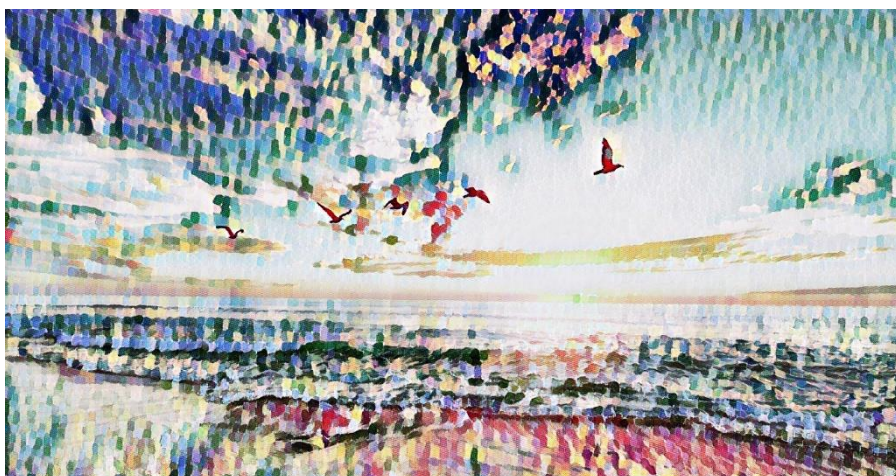
THE STRANGE ABSENCE

As alone as the stones I am; the veil is made of a compound throat that is not suitable for anything. I am not as pure as it should be; my joints are a network of fishermen in a lake that has been killed by salt and my voice multiplies in the sand like a mythical idol that permeates the skin of the new generation. This is how my body lays the ground dashing a great kingdom of ants. Merry,Merry all this strange absence; strange hope.



FROZEN DREAMS

I am neither a leaf nor an almond, I am just waiting for a quick melt. There your red car brings me absences, and here your frozen eyes kill my burning dreams. I am not a mythical lover as you think; I just love you. Here is a letter, a tent and an oak tree, here is a story that does not sleep and does not accept to sleep; here you are in my heart. I will return to your red car after my emigration, but this time I will return loaded with frozen dreams.



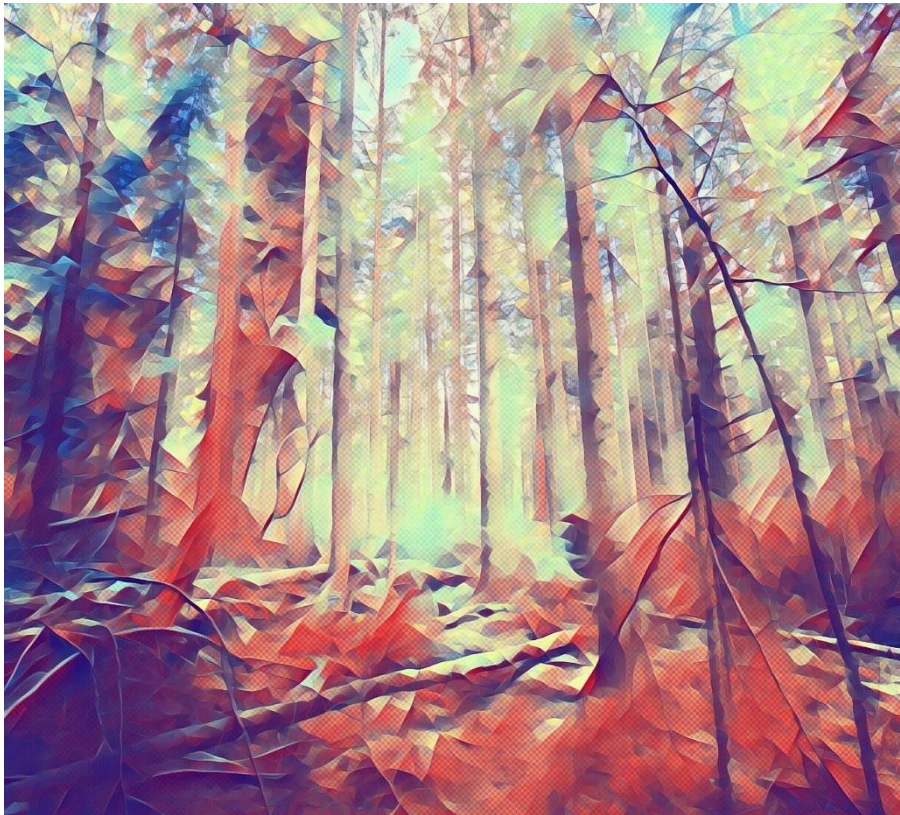
FAME

It was a coincidence when I met that famous man. I mean, very famous and very empty. He is not from Hilla and does not work in my grandfather's fields, so he is famous. He is known by his distinguished and surprising name, because surprise and strangeness are something inherent in this civilization. They are looking for fame at any cost, and looking for strangeness and excitement at any cost. But I don't know why sometimes when I hear their names, I remember blown cars, I mean empty souls. They are famous and empty, made with false and artificial influences. Fame is not an Iraqi citizen and Euphrates does not know it because it speaks fluently about beautifying for everything that's really ugly.



A CEDAR TREE

Oh, Cedar, how many aspirants loved you and the immortal Gilgamesh knew how to write you a poem. I am from the distant cities, where the sun is without robe and no eyes, only a story of waiting and something of an ancient fragrant. I am an old traveler; I learned the trip by accident. I also tell you that I am a small sailor and inherited the sea song from my grandparents. The hard wave I will know its desire. I will know it, and I will keep a little silent, so I may remember something. Yes, I will wait as a cedar tree overflows with returnees.



A VERY UNKNOWN THING

My knee is heavier than rust, this is no longer a secret, I am a very frozen old fighter. I am not happy, but I know that I am something special, because I am neither iron nor cruel, breezy nor whispering, I am really something very unknown. I can't catch up the sky's eyes and fish tales I can't figure out. My forehead clings to the ground with joy which beats me with strange moments and strange signs, surpassing me with all strength to tell you that fish has a dream and prayers. How embarrassed me this lack. I am ready for what I feel, just give me enough opportunity because I am flooded with apologies and appeals.



SUN OF THE HEART

Yes, here is a hug that can't play, and a song that doesn't know how to cheat. Here is just a clear sky, because the sun here shines in my heart. I am not primitive as you think, but I think I do not know how to play. I always love and am not good at making excuses for treachery and death. These hands, these eyes, and these lips all shine with the suns of our hearts. You won't believe me because you just trust playing it. Well, let's play one last game, I will say you are very skilled at making deceptive things and I will say that I always try to love you. Imagine if you won, what would the garden flowers next to your house be? How will the joy of her butterflies? How will this lake be? How will the color of her birds? These are my lips, look at them, they were not to deceive you but to kiss you deeply.



YOUR EYES WILL REMAIN BLUE

It is a moment that has no face, it has no feet, a blind moment, very blind as if it was a gray dress for a demon eating the wheat of the field and going in fear of my love. Your eyes are blue, and despite these clouds and this vast epidemic, your eyes are very blue, yes, your eyes will remain blue despite these vast clouds. I am very keen to see your wonderful brilliance, to smell your words. I am so eager to see your beautiful eyes fearlessly when the face of this epidemic turns .



I DON'T KNOW WHY

We have sun here and we have tall palm trees, as well as huge fields of amber and we have cows, but I recently learned that we have very special milk. A strange man told me about this and told me that he wanted to drink all our milk; I don't know why? Perhaps he does not have sun or cows. In fact, the problem lies in what my grandfather told me when I was a child; my very skinny grandfather, who had no smiles for the feast, was among the forgotten Iraqi dead. He was sitting on a lake of oil, but this oil traveled to remote areas, and I do not know why? Anyhow, my grandfather told me that all the milk of cows, goats and ewes was transported to these remote lands, and that this happened in broad daylight and under the sight of everyone, and he told me that he did not know why this happened?



THE BLIND MAGIC

When I saw the crazy blindness sweeping our streets, I knew magic was real, and at that time I understood all that great passion for violence that kidnapped the heart of humanity. I am not a professional poet, but the poem told me that humans have soft and delicate souls. It also taught me a method that could help me get away from the limelight. But as you can see, the lights are magic and eyes can be stolen. When I decide to become a man of lights, I will definitely learn a different magic that is not like a thief's magic. The poem, like me, believes in sorcery, but I am sure that when it knows a little about the magic of this blind world, it will change its idea of dazzling magic.



THE FADED END

I heard that the rivers will breathe their last laughs in the faded stream, and the birds will leave their eggs in the faded trees and build their nests in my grandfather's faded garden. Clouds will make the sky tell faded stories and rain faded hours. The absences will sleep in my faded dreams, until you can see the spirits embracing their faded shades. The sun's rays will drink their last tea in the faded darkness, then you can see my poem standing at the faded end.



I AM NOT A POET

Whoever says that I write love poems, I just sit near the bank of the river to celebrate your great vineyard, you are a waterfall from that pure balcony, where truth and a free call, you are a huge and deep stream, you are an endless story. Yes, I am not a poet but at least I can honestly count my fingers, but the bleak walls cannot hear the call. They cannot see your beautiful face because their hearts are gray and their hand are yellow. Yes, I am not a poet but when your hand touches my heart, I see the depth.



YOU TURBAN IS A RIVER

I know that you are carrying a rose, and regardless of the attempts of dry sand to blind my eyes, I know that you are a field of wonderful flowers. Your smile is love, and your silence is as sweet as sugar. And when I see your turban on the battlefield, I feel like I just came from a real awakening. Your turban is a river and a field of tender not only for pulpit but for gun and martyrdom. You are a witness, a martyr and a timeless story. Here I am waiting for you to draw on the face of gray time true words and gift the ruined river a bit of nectar.



أنور غني شاعر ومؤلف من العراق ، ولد سنة ٧٣
له أكثر من مئة كتاب ونال جوائز عالمية عدة.



دار أقواس للنشر



Anwar Ghani, a poet and author from Iraq. He was born in 1973.
He has more than a hundred books and won several awards.